

by Mrs Spooky

Whispered Words

~Kathleen Anderson~

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Hair like fire, eyes like the oceans
> She comes to me in the night<br> Whispering words, telepathic
notions
> Breath as warm as a baby's touch<br> Tickling my ears, caressing my
body
> Fingers with a gentle slide, never too much<br> Shudders, shivers,
her touch seems to lend
> A mind of its own, a conscious being<br> Gasping, writhing, will it
ever end
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> The light of day, a saviour to my mind  
> Eyes open, my body burning..yearning<br> Water from above, so  
simple yet kind  
> I fear the night and dread the day<br> Greeted with a smile and an  
offer of coffee  
> She has no idea the hell I pay<br> Her fingers are the purest  
ivory, her lips the lushest rose  
> Perfection comes only in one form<br> Day to dread, the fear of  
night quickly grows  
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One false move, one lingering touch
> A comfortable embrace, a pat on the back
 She leaves me, my
thoughts in a rush
> I call out to her, knowing she can hear me
 Fading sun, sky
darkening into night
> She looks at me, a silent plea
 With her hair like fire, her
eyes like the oceans
> She came to me that night
 Whispered words, telepathic notions

End
file.